

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND" Cooper.



PULLING STOCKS IN THE KAIL-YARD.

A TALE OF HALLOWE'EN.

II.

HALLOWE'EN came round—well do I mind that night! and as usual there was a merry gathering of young folk at Haughead. There were the Deanside lads and lassies; Jamie had now got a farm of his own in a different county, and of course wasna one of them; there were the Dicks o' Hazelbrae; Ringan Jardine's family from the Todholes;

the Elliots of Bogleshole ford; and others besides, whose names I canna at present bring to mind. But there were walth (numbers) o' us, and a bonnie splore we kicked up before the night was by. Though Bell was changed, the rest of the family werena, but were just as ready as ever for any simple diversion like this; and maybe they thought it might do her good, for she was a petted bairn with all her friends.

It was a cantie sight to see the house shining with light as I and some others came up the brae.

No. 1198.—DECEMBER 12, 1874.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

It was a cold night, but the mere thought of the great rousing fires, and of the kindly welcome before us, made us warm and cheery. I mind, however, being awful frightened at the thought of meeting Jenny in the shade of the fir wood, and creeping very close to my neighbours; but I canna say that I saw anything worse than mysell either then or at any other time. None o' the rest seemed to like the darkness of the trees any better than I did, and we were na long of speeling the brae. But when we entered the house and saw the preparations the mistress had made for the company, the whole of our tongues—and they hadna been quiet before except in the gloom of the wood—were quickened with very joyfulness. Such a grand tea as was spread out on that long mahogany table in the parlour! Such loads of hung beef, and cheese, and buttered toast, that must have taken the lassies an hour to make, and was now keeping warm on servers before the fire! Such farls of shortbread and mountains of currant bun, no to mention sponge biscuit and jeellie! I trow there was nothing shabby ever at Haughead—the mistress aye put her best foot foremost when she had company; and 'deed when all were served there wasna muckle over, for a walk on a November night or a hurl in a cart is wonderfully improving to the appetite.

Bell was just as quiet as was her usual now, but I couldna help thinking, young as I was—I was a gey gleg gilpie, though, o' my age—that though her cheek was pale, and her merry smile gone, she was far bonnier than ever. There was a mournful kind of look in her face, and a gentleness in her manner as she helped her mother to serve the folk, that someway went to my heart, and I could have grat as I looked at her. I saw, too, that the young men would fain have made up to her, but she wouldna let them.

It was just the same when we went butt to the kitchen, which was all redd up for our Hallowe'en games; she aye tried to keep in the background, she that used to be the foremost in every diversion. I would fain have tried to cheer her up, but I was some years younger than her, and I was bashful, like most lassies of my age. However, I couldna keep from watching her. She seldom spoke unless she was first spoken to, and I noticed that she aye made a full stop before answering, as if her thoughts had been far away and she had to call them back to consider what had been said to her. Poor thing! little did the thoughtless creatures about her ken what an awful dread and terror were weighing at that very time on her heart.

We began the night first of all, of course, with dooking for apples. The mistress had a big washing boyne half full o' water set in the middle of the kitchen floor, and about a dozen apples were tumult into it at a time. We took our turns of dooking for them, and, well-a-wat! it was good fun to see how drookit some got, both lads and lassies, the water streaming down from their hair and lugs (ears) and een, with plunging their heads too far down in hunting for some red-cheeked apple that they couldna catch, though it bobbed against their lips. Such choking, and rubbing of een, and laughing as there was among them! The din might have been heard half a mile off, and must have disturbed Jenny if she was on the walk.

The muckle-mouthed ones had the best luck, and there was one lad—they called him Sandy Scott—that grippit two at once twice running: but Sandy

had a mouth from lug to lug, that was shaped more like a codfish's than a man's. And amidst all the fun, and when everybody else was just shaking their sides with laughing, I never saw Bell smile but once, and that was when wee Jeanie Dick, a bit fair-haired bairnie of six years old, grippit the last apple—it was a very small one—that half a dozen grown folk had failed to catch. She afterwards took the bit bairn by the hand and kept her beside her, though she seldom spoke to her.

Well, when we were done with the apples—and 'deed my jaws were sore with the gaping for two days after it—away we went in a body to the garden to pull the stocks. But I noticed that Bell didna come farther with us than to the end of the house, but waited there till we came back; and I think nobody observed it but me, for it was a dark night, although there were stars out. I was sure there were traces of tears on her face as the light fell on it when we entered the house again.

A bonnie gap we made in the mistress's kail-yard—I hope the kail-pot didna suffer for't during the winter. It was a real diversion to see us wading among the stocks, all of us as earnest about it as if our future lot really depended on the choice we made. As for me, I grippit in the darkness an old bowed runt of a stock—you ken, Mr. Matthew, it's the rule to take what you first put hands on—that I was black affronted to let the others see; and 'deed they made plenty of jokes about it before the night was by. An old crook-backit man was to be my weird (lot), they all said, and a poor one too, for there was little earth sticking to the roots o't; but truly, Mr. Matthew, he's never made his appearance yet, and I think never will. But I was muckle inclined to lay the stock about Jock Elliot's ears, for he was an awful fellow for fun, and I thought he never would give over with his bantering.

When we had tasted the stocks to ken the tempers of the husbands and wives we were to have, and had fixed them in a row above the outer door for the names—there were at least twenty of them—we took to the clean and dirty water and empty bowl; then to the dropping of the egg, and syne to burning nuts. And, well-a-wat! the mistress had provided a good stock of them. Well, as we were busy with the nuts, I got a glint of a face outside the window watching us. I saw it just for a moment, as it were, while the light of the fire happened to glimmer on the een, which I could have sworn were fixed on Bell, who was sitting sad and quiet like behind her mother, and then it vanished. Bell herself didna notice it; her look was cast down on the floor, and she was evidently thinking sore sore about something. I said nothing about the face to anybody, supposing it might be some neighbour's servant-lad, who had stolen up the brae to have a look at the fun, but wouldna like to have it kent; and because I feared Jock's bantering about Jenny. When we went out to pull the stocks I had seen some one steal away out of sight among the stacks. I was persuaded it was a man, or I might have thought about Jenny and raised an outcry, for I was no wiser about ghosts in those days than my neighbours; and the powers o' darkness, it was always understood, were more than usually busy on a Hallowe'en night. The recollection of this made me watch the window for a time; but there was so much fun going on round about me that at last I forgot all about the face, and even about Bell.

Some have be about g in the would moor, v of them own la Mossy an old known I knew day, th ing the likeness but he maybe it wasn None o and m coward shaw, k kent, w Johnst and lis in a w "Yo sell to pawkily you wo welcom It wa Tam's f a snail lips tur "Me of hesit out as t weather only—c "Ho —you minute neighb "I'n ever, in I'm no The mi and an have h I—I m barn by She set tell'd, a was at but her of the she was We lassies us—for place— daunted "Tod fancy, a ken wh like yo and no a plack venture

Some one after awhile began to talk—it must have been Jock, who was foremost in all mischief—about going out to sow hempseed or to wind a clew in the kiln; and even asked if none of the lassies would venture out as far as a stone's cast on the moor, where it chanced that three lairds' lands—two of them were but small lairds, the third was Gavin's own landlord—met at a burn—they called it the Mossy water—to dip her sark sleeve. You ken that's an old Hallowe'en custom, Mr. Matthew, and I have known some bold enough to practise it. One woman I knew lang syne, would threep (insist) to her dying day, that as she was lying awake that night watching the sark that was drying before the fire, the likeness of her future gudeman came and turned it; but he was stopping in the house at the time, and maybe it was just himself. However, she aye said it wasna, and got angry if anybody contradicted her. None of us lassies were brave enough to venture, and muckle laughing the lads raised about our cowardice, and none was louder than Tam Walkinshaw, a soft, turnip-headed fallow, who, everybody kent, was frightened for his own shadow. Gavin Johnstone was sitting in the bunker by the fireside and listening to what was going on, while putting in a word and a joke. He kent Tam well.

"You wouldna like a handfu' o' hempseed yourself to saw, would ye, Tam?" says the old man pawkily (slyly) to him, to our great diversion: "if you would like to ken your fortune, I'm sure you're welcome to it."

It was a sight to see the change that came over Tam's face when Gavin spoke: he shrank back like a snail into its shell when you touch it, and his very lips turned blae.

"Me!" said he, stammering: he had aye a kind of hesitation in his speech, but now his words gurgled out as thick as the barm from a beer bottle in warm weather. "Me! I—I would hae nae objections, only—only ye see—"

"Hoots, man! you're surely no frichted for Jenny—you that were sae ready to laugh at others a minute since?" says Jock Elliot, winking to his neighbours.

"I'm—I'm no frichted," says Tam, shaking, however, in every limb of him; "but—but, you see, I'm no clear a'thegither in my conscience about it. The minister says that thae customs are heathenish and an opening to the enemy; and queer things have happened on Hallowe'en, if a' tales be true. I—I mind hearing tell of a lass that went to the barn by hersell to weigh three weights o' naething. She set both the doors wide open, as suld be I am tell'd, and to the weights she ga'ed; but just as she was at the wark, what does she see in the moonlicht but her ain coffin moving between the doors instead of the likeness of a gudeman! and as sure's death she was in her coffin before the same time next year."

We all grewed at this story, and most of us lassies couldna help casting timorsome looks behind us—for you see Haughead *was* thought an unchancy place—but that unbelieving fellow Jock wasna to be daunted by such a narration.

"Toots, man!" he said, "that was just a woman's fancy, and you may be sure she was ower frichted to ken what she saw. But a bauld stout-hearted chield like you now might stay a whole night in the barn, and no a thing daur to steer you. I'll wad you a a plack (wager for a small sum) if you like to venture."

"I'll—I'll hae nothing to do wi't," says Tam, positively, and drawing back into the corner where he was sitting; "it's clean against my conscience, I tell ye; but since you're sae venturesome, neebor, what for do you no try it yourself?"

This seemed turning the laugh upon Jock, but, my certy! he was of a different nature from Tam.

"Me!" says he, starting up, "gie's the key, and you'll soon see whether I'm frichted for either ghaist or goblin."

"You're no serious, Jock?" says Gavin Johnstone, laughing.

"But I am," says Jock, "I never tried the freit, and now I'm determined to do't."

"Weel then," says the farmer, "you'll get the key hanging on the pin behind the door there, and be sure you lock the barn when you leave it."

"Oh, dinna gang, dinna gang," cried most of the lassies, and especially little Katie Gourlay, who, we all thought, had a more than common kindness for Jock, and who had turned as red as a rose that night when we had burnt them together at the nuts: "Oh, dinna gang, Jock, or you'll maybe hae cause to rue it."

But Jock just laughed at them, and went for the key, while we lassies sat astonished at his daring; but when he looked behind the door, as the old man had tell'd him, the key was away.

"Somebody maun hae taken it," says Gavin, "for I hung it there wi' my ain hands this very afternoon. Is ony ane out?"

We all looked round to see who had been so venturesome, and who did we miss but Bell! Nobody had seen her leave the kitchen, but doubtless she had taken the opportunity of slipping away when we were all busy with our cracks and games.

"Sirs! what's taken the foolish lassie out on sic an errand?" said her mother, anxiously. And we all looked on one another strangely, but none of us spoke. If it had been any other than Bell, I think nobody would have minded much; but her that was now so quiet and pensy to try such a wild kind o' freit seemed to strike us all as something no canny—as if the lassie was *fey* and no long for this world. Besides, Mr. Matthew, there were many folk even then—and no to say strict religious professors either—who thought it sinful to try such spells, and likely to bring down a judgment on them that used them.

"The lassie's no strong," said Gavin, gravely, rising to leave the house; "and I maun see that she doesna get a fright."

But just as he spoke there came a wild skreigh from the direction of the barn that made us all jump up from our seats and the hair stand on our head. There wasna a word said, but Bell's two brothers dashed to the door, and we after them, pell-mell, as fast as we could drive. The mother was wringing her hands and greeting, but the old man seemed as if he was stricken by the dead palsy, for he sank down in his seat and could neither move nor speak.

Well, out we got into the farmyard like a flock o' frightened sheep following their leaders, and keeping close together for mutual protection, when what should we see in the starlight but a man coming staggering across the yard from the barn carrying somebody in his arms! It was ower dark to see what he was, and we all stood still for a minute glowering at him, most of us feeling muckle inclined to run back into the house, and, expecting, I'so warrant, to see some terrible sight.

"Make way!" cries the man, in a loud commanding voice, as we were all gathered about the door. And somehow we did make way, and on he came among us, and who was in his arms but Bell! Her head was hanging over his arm like a broken lily, and she was evidently in a kind of dwam (faint). He passed through us all, looking neither to right nor left, and even her very brothers hadna a word to say to him, for his manner was like that of a man beside himself; and straight into the kitchen he went, where the light of the blazing fire fell on him, and we saw then that he was a sodger, for he was drest in regimentals. He took no notice of anybody, but down he knelt on one knee on the floor, with her resting against the other, and his arms about her, and looked into her face. We couldna see his, for his back was to us; and there we all stood behind them, staring and gaping like a set o' haverels overcome with surprise. No one moved to help Bell, not even her own friends; but they just glowered like the rest to see a stranger taking on as he did. I canna tell what had come over us, especially over her brothers, who had plenty of smeddum (spirit) in them for ordinary; but I reckon they were just dumbfoundert like others, and maybe thought there was something no canny in what they saw, considering what Bell had been about in the barn.

"I have killed her," said the stranger, in such a desperate voice. But the sound o't seemed to reach Bell's ears even though she was in a trance, for she gave a deep sigh and suddenly opened her een—I could see her face, though no his, from where I was—and fixed them on his face with such a look, I will never forget it; and her lips moved, but no sound came from them. And then, as if her strength had returned to her all at once, she raised herself up, and forgetting all about the onlookers, she flung her arms about his neck, and laying her head on his bosom, she sobbit and grat as if her very heart would burst. Truly it was a moving sight to look at the pair, for he still kept his arms about her, and 'deed it seemed to me that he was greeting himself. We all looked at one another wonderingly, and then at her friends, but they appeared as little able to account for what they saw as ourselves. However, her two brothers now made a start forward as if they would have taken Bell away from the man. But just at this moment a queer thing happened.

There was a poor natural (idiot) that lived with the family. A quiet, inoffensive thing she was, poor creature! Her name was Jean Gibson; her friends were ill off, and hadna been very kind to her; so Jean, from making a howff at times of the farm, and helping with the tattie (potato) lifting and such like jobs, came to this at last, that she wouldna leave it. She would only work when it pleased herself; but her bit meat and claes didna cost muckle. The Johnstones were very good to her, and from less to more she had been about ten years in the house. She had been crouching all night, as was her custom, in a corner of the kitchen, watching the fun that was going on, and munching the apples that the mistress had given her. But now, all at once, just as what I have described was taking place, up she starts out o' the neuk, and with a loud guffaw of a laugh—she was an extraordinary laugher, Jean—she claps both her hands on the sodger's shoulders.

"Walcome hame, Allan Dempster," she says; "wha was to think o' seeing you at our Hallowe'en!"

"Allan Dempster!" cried the old man, making a start out of his seat as he heard the name.

"Allan Dempster!" cried the mistress, and she ran forward.

"Allan Dempster!" cried we all; and there was instantly a crowding round him, and a hand-shaking, and a roaring of welcome that must have been about as deafening to him as the Frenchies' guns. And in the midst o' it all Bell disappeared from the kitchen; but her mother had now got her een opened, and soon followed her. And where did she find the poor trembling lassie but on her knees in her own wee room returning thanks to God!

And it was truly Allan Dempster himself—very brown with the sun and with the exposure to wind and weet that—wae's me!—he had gone through in foreign parts; but brawer and more manly-like than ever, for he had gotten the commanding look of a sodger. And they had made him a sergeant already on account of his bravery and good education—for Allan was a grand reader and writer and counter when at the school. But they used aye to say that Scotch lads were sure to get on on account of their learning if they were steady and could keep from the drink. But to think that nobody knew him at first but Bell and Jean, and him only three years away! However, we never had seen him in regimentals or with moustachers before, nor had we a good look at his face; and who, as Jean said, was expecting to see him then? Hech, sirs! you'll maybe think me an old soft-headed fool, Mr. Matthew, but I canna help the tears from happing down my cheeks yet, when I call it to mind.

It wasna long till Gavin got the punch-bowl filled in honour of Allan, and we were all gathered round the fire, and him in the midst of us. And then such a questioning he had to go through! for we were all keen to hear about the fighting and the wonders of other lands. Bell didna make one of us, though; she wouldna come back again. I trow she felt shame both to face us and Allan Dempster. To be sure, there was a wonderful enlightenment in all our minds that night on the cause of her long dvinig; and 'deed none seemed more astonished than her own family, to judge by the looks they cast at one another. But they were very kind and cordial in their manner to Allan, who, though at first somewhat blate and confused like, was soon his old self, and cracking away like anything—no that his thoughts didna sometimes wander and his ee travel gey often to the door; but all his wishing couldna bring back Bell again among us.

He told us that after his regiment was landed he had got leave of absence, and that he had only reached home that day. He stayed with his father till dark, and after hearing all the country news from him he had come up to the Haughead; but seeing such a company o' folk there he hadna liked to come in. The truer story, I reckon, was that he wanted to see Bell alone at first, and was watching outside for an opportunity. No doubt he must have learned from his father that there had been no truth in the story of her marriage, and also about the change that had come over her soon after he left the country; and putting one thing to another, maybe he began to suspect the cause of it. Of course it was his face I had seen at the window; and when it was put to him by Jock Elliot, he confessed, though no very readily, that seeing Bell go to the barn by herself, and guessing her errand on a Hallowe'en night, he

had put himself in her way there and given her a fright.

"Hers was a better ghaist than your woman's, Tam," said Jock Elliot, giving a dunsh with his elbow to Tam Walkinshaw, who was sitting beside him; "there'll be a joining here instead o' a parting, or I'm muckle mistaken."

I must do Jock the justice to say that this was the only joke he made on the subject that night at Haughead, though on our ways home be sure everybody had plenty to say about it.

Well, to cut my story short, Mr. Matthew, it was na long before old John Dempster got Allan's discharge bought. It was a mercy, for Bonnyparty was then living quietly at Elba, and nobody knew that Waterloo was to come yet. They said the lad submitted very doucelly to't; and he was soon working at the mill as steadily as if he had never been out of the sound of clap and happer. He was gay often up at the Haughead, too, by all accounts; and it seemed as if things were flourishing there again, for bonnie Bell Johnstone's cheeks began to get back their roses and her lips their smiles, though they were o' a different kind from formerly—more soft and sweet, but less pawkie and merry than they used to be.

Allan was much thought o' in the country side, for he had been in many battles, and had been wounded more than once, though he was spared to come home without stumping on a stick leg or wanting an arm. Besides, he had seen many outlandish things in the countries he had been in that none of the folk about us had ever heard o' before. And then his description of the papish worship and images, with wax candles burning before them even in the daylight, set up these idolaters for wasters; and the incense, and the priests, and the dirty shaven monks, and the singing bairns with long white sarks on the outside of their claes, in the muckle dark kirks with painted windows that turned the Creator's blessed light into all manner o' colours—oh, Mr. Matthew, but it was just awful to listen to't. No wonder, everybody thought, that the land was so scourged by God's judgments in the way of fire and sword for its idolatries. But we all liked to hear about them notwithstanding, and thought much of the man that had seen such extraordinary sights. Even the very minister had him up to the manse to question him on his adventures in Spain.

And ere long there was a blithe wedding at the Haughead, and I trow a bonnier bride than Bell Johnstone never stepped over her husband's door-stane. There were twenty riders at it, and many of them had their wives or sweethearts riding on a pillion behind them. I was glad to see Jock Elliot had brought little Katie Gourlay on his brown mare, for nobody knew till then that Jock was seriously courting her, though we all suspected her feelings for him. The rest of the folk came in carts and caravans, except them that were near neighbours, such as the minister and his wife, and the doctor and his old maiden sister.

And Bell had a good providing; Gavin Johnstone didna grudge to his only daughter, for she had the best braws of any bride of that time in the country side. And, well-a-wat! she was the mistress of a grand plenished house at the mill, well stocked with both napery and blankets; for Allan's mother had been an active woman, and had left everything routhy (abundant) behind her at her death. And it

was a bonnie lying place, with a green bank in front, and the clack of the mill was very heartsome.

I never saw such a wedding dinner as Bell's. There was such a crush of folk that the parlour couldna contain them, and they had to have the dinner in the barn. There were forms for the young folk, and chairs for the bride, the minister and his wife, and the more honourable portion of the company. After the dinner the older and doucher among them went into the house to have a crack between themselves, and afterwards got their tea quietly from the mistress, while her sons looked after the company in the barn.

John Dempster, who was muckle taken up with his bonnie daughter-in-law, had got a new covered cart painted green outside and white in, to take her home in. Her providing had been sent to the mill the day before with her spinning-wheel on the top o't; and her mother charged the miller's man to be sure to drive the bride exactly the same road to prevent ill-luck; but as the man was scarcely sober, it's to be hoped Bell's happiness didna depend on his memory. When John and the bride and bridegroom went away in the cart at night, it seemed as if all the old bauchles (worn-out shoes) in the parish had been gathered to fling after them. They papped off Allan's back like hailstones, as, guessing what was waiting him, he made a fell spring from the house-door to the cart. And I couldna help thinking that if the French sodgers had taken as good an aim he wouldna have been alive that day, which would have been a great loss to us all, more especially to Bell.

Well, Mr. Matthew, Allan made Bell a kind gudeman, and she made him a douce wife. Her trial had sobered her down, and made her more serious-minded. They had a bonnie family in time, though one of the sons—a fine lad but wilful—was so bewitched with his father's stories of his sodgering life that nothing would keep him from being a sodger himself, which was a great grief to them. Allan often said it was a righteous punishment to him for having left his old father as he had done, and no doubt it was the fruit of that deed. And as to Bell, I jealousy she had many a thought concerning her share in the evil, though she kept them to herself. But the lad did well, and time reconciled them to it.

The heads of the house are far up in years now—Bell must be six years older than I am—but they were well and hearty when I saw them last, which was only last summer when I was up Borgia water.

And that's the end of my Hallowe'en story, Mr. Matthew.

THE CENTENNIAL TEA-PARTY IN BOSTON.

IF it were in any other age than the nineteenth century, or to any other country than "the mother country," I should feel an apology might be needed for sending you a notice of the Boston Tea-Party, which took place at this time last year. But, as it is, I thought a brief description of the celebration of this historical event, so nearly touching your country and mine, might prove of interest—at least it will amuse you to hear how we regarded it after the lapse of a hundred years.

Throughout the autumn of 1873, the one event looked forward to with the deepest interest in Boston, was the Centennial Tea-Party, to be held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of December 16th.

This hall is hallowed to Americans by every patriotic association. The "Old Cradle of Liberty," we call it, and hither we carry our bantlings, no matter of what sex or colour, and the arms of the great public rock, and the voice of the people sing a lullaby, or an awakening, as the occasion demands.

It was to this grey stone building that, on December 16th, 1773, thronged, "from all the country round about," crowds of grave, deeply-excited men.

Two ships were riding at anchor in the harbour, laden with taxed tea. For the tea there were urns waiting in every house, but the taxes! "Millions for freedom! not a cent for the tax!" said a deep-voiced man from out the crowd; and with one shout they answered "Amen! Overboard with the tea, and the tax will go with it." But the overt act of treason, what of that?

It was to discuss this somewhat knotty and important point that the doors of Faneuil Hall were thrown wide open, and these excited men were rushing in to fill it. The morning was one of the dreariest which this dreary winter climate ever offered. Winds swept in over the frozen ocean, laden with icy rain; great black clouds, full of snow and sleet, lay low over the city; the cold, with a strange new power, pinched and benumbed every one whom it found exposed. Yet, as regardless of it as if they were in the bland air of a lovely June day, these patriots came to the gathering.

How this audience in Faneuil Hall looked is a picture which has been painted many times, at least in words; and what they said and did has been told too often, also, to need repetition here. Every man composing that little band of Mohawks has become immortalised, as all are everywhere who at the time of their country's need prove true and brave. But enough has probably been said to recall to the reader the event, let us pass on now to its celebration.

The morning of December 16th, 1873, is in striking contrast to the one of a century ago: a clear, bright sun laughs down from a cloudless blue sky; a crisp, elastic, sea-laden air strings up the nerves and sets the brain working at its topmost speed. The earliest trains to the city go heavy with their living freight; carriages loaded to their utmost capacity fill every road; pedestrians crowd the side-walks, and even the very animals, all along the way, look up as if they knew the Centennial had come. Boston is in the day of its glory, and if ever it had a right to use its natural gift of brag, it is at full liberty to indulge it now. Enthusiastic and patriotic thousands have come to do it honour. It almost seems as if the very bones of those sixteen Mohawks would bestir themselves in their scattered graves, and rise all bedecked in their rude finery to receive the crowns of laurel this day to be laid at their feet.

As we walk through the gay streets flags are flying everywhere. Red, white, and blue mingle in odd and very characteristic stripes. Teapots of every size and description are displayed in shop-windows. Before a large Oriental tea-store a huge copper teapot is sending forth volumes of its spicy odours into the sharp, hungry air, and knots of men and women are going into the shop to taste the classic beverage. China seems to have come round the world and dropped down on the mountain city, so that in your bewilderment you have hard work to separate the sentiment from its symbols.

The whole tide of human life runs in one direction. Throwing yourself into it, you come through the

narrow and crooked streets to a crowd so dense that any attempt to penetrate it was useless. Policemen in their blue uniforms were everywhere, but the world over there is no crowd so quiet and orderly as the one you find in Boston, therefore there was no occasion for their services.

One whole hour of waiting for the doors to open, the pressure and the swaying in the midst of this immense concourse was at times positively fearful, and then two by two it began to lessen, until you found yourself going leisurely up the broad stairs, and as quietly entering the hall, almost as if you were alone in the world.

The hall itself looks very venerable for a country that counts the erection of its oldest buildings by hundreds rather than thousands of years. It is perfectly plain, without the least attempt at architectural ornament, and with but few pictures or national emblems. Portraits of the most illustrious of Massachusetts men hang around the walls, the point from which nearly all dated the beginning of their greatness being the one whose celebration we attended that night.

When we entered this hall, early as we had supposed ourselves to be, it was full, not a spare seat, hardly a spare standing-place anywhere. Galleries, platform, even stairs and window-sills, were already occupied. If one is ever excusable for a desire to grumble, it is on such an occasion. To stand from four until nine, good-naturedly, would only be possible for that order of beings who can rest upon their wings; unfortunately we could not, and very cross I am afraid we looked, until we found one seat on a stairway, over which tramped the children of three large public schools, and another on a window-sill, shunned, as it was used for ventilating the hall. As places of observation, however, they proved unexceptionable. From them we could see the tables arranged all over the floor, covered with white cloths, and laid with old-time china tea-sets. Ladies dressed in ancient costume, with sweet young faces looking out from under a cloud of powdered hair, sat beside these tables. Pretty pictures they made. We almost expected the faces of those grim old illustrious dead to relax into a smile as they gazed down from their tarnished frames upon this uncommon scene.

Suddenly the decided stroke of a baton upon a table, and there, behind it, stood a tall, thin old man, with pale face and white hair. Involuntarily I looked for a vacant frame to be hanging over the platform. I felt almost sure that the Josiah Quincy, who had uttered the wise and eloquent words in that very spot one hundred years ago, had stepped out to preside over us to-night. There was something almost weird about this grandson who yet remained. His voice, tremulous with the weight of years it bore, his antique gestures, his high collar, white neckcloth, and black dress suit, gave him a set-apart look, as if the time which had touched, had hallowed him. Now and then one of his feeble words reached us, but his speech was mainly a dumb show, yet none the less impressive for that, for we almost always knew by his manner whom he was introducing to the audience, and never doubted that he was saying the kindest things, and calling for Robert C. Winthrop, as the latter came upon the stage.

The eager bending towards him of that dense crowd was his only welcome. With a Boston audience Mr. Winthrop is always a great favourite. His name alone would have won him a warm recep-

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tion to-night, but he brought to us one of those choice, exquisite bits of oratory, which he, better perhaps than any other man in America, knows how to prepare; nor did it detract in the least from the interest that his voice also was bereft of some of the melodious tones for which, in other days, it had been so noted, or that his manuscript was held in a hand less firm than the one which had wielded the graceful pen a few years ago. Not a word that he uttered was lost. It may have been owing to the respectful silence with which he was listened to, or the fine oratory, which is always distinct. He was frequently interrupted by applause, and his jokes were most enthusiastically received.

It is not my intention to notice every speaker, it is only of the three known world-wide strangers will care to hear. Of course at that time, and in that place, there was a great deal of the "spread eagle," and why not? There was none, however, when Ralph Waldo Emerson's turn came.

We had been told that he was feeble, and that probably not one word he uttered could be heard; we were, therefore, not a little surprised when he stepped lightly upon the platform, looked quickly and sharply over his audience, threw his head into its peculiar poise, and with a lighting of the face, seen upon that of no other human being, began in an almost clear voice to read his poem. As he never had any manner but the one of jerks and twitches, so now those muscular efforts, untouched by his physical condition, or perhaps rendered more angular and expressive by it, rounded—I should rather say pointed—what he uttered. How the poem would have sounded from any other lips I cannot even imagine, but there was something pathetic in it as he spoke it, in the trembling of another manuscript, in the certainty that the flow and the rhythm of his own peculiar life was also coming to its close.

After he sat down, speaker after speaker rose, and in vain claimed the attention of the audience. To listen to any one after he had been heard was simply impossible; the promised tea-party was loudly and impatiently demanded, and in a few minutes the clatter of cups and saucers, with the rattling of spoons, announced that it had fairly commenced.

We saw the blue teacups handed around among the crowd; we even took one in our hands, and indulged (to the memory of the brave Mohawks) in a sip of a beverage which might have been the resistible Bohea from Griffin's Wharf, boiled in the salt-water under which it had lain for the century. Then we sauntered for a few minutes among the social, chatty guests, and left with Josiah Quincy's last words ringing in our ears, "Adjourned for one hundred years!" and then, and then where should we all be?

G. G. R.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

IT is the complaint of some, and the sneer of others, that middle age, especially the middle age of unmarried women, is a very uninteresting period. The romance of hope is gone, and although middle age is eminently the working time of life, the great fruit-bearing season, there are not a few who vainly sigh for the days that are past. The middle age of women who have not found their special work or sphere, is often a period of re-

repining, if not of *ennui* or disappointed complaining. Parents renew their youth in their children, and thus live a double life. Those, too, who are engrossed in business, or in the struggle for a livelihood, have little time for idle musings. But there are women who, having no family to care for and no daily bread to earn, hardly seem to know where they stand, and miss a substance while they chase a shadow. Nobody thinks of crying for May blossoms when trees are laden with russet fruit; or murmurs that the bowed yellow ears are not erect and emerald spears. But there are many who cry unheard for vanished blooms of youth, unconscious that while they sit idle the weeds of selfish neglect are stifling every chance of fruit, and blighting their usefulness not less than their happiness. It is to such persons we address ourselves, well aware that there are others, strong and busy, to whom our words may appear little better than beating the air, because they cannot conceive the state of mind or life to which they apply.

First, let us all agree that it is the true wisdom to recognise the facts of our life whatever they may be. Some social fictions, and often the mistaken words of friends, may help to obscure them. Yet it is vain to cling to the youth which is past, be our unbelief of the fact ever so stubborn. Rather should it be gracefully resigned for the cheerful acceptance of the duties which mature life is sure to bring. Why, for example, should a single woman of forty cling to the dress and manners of a girl, instead of owning to herself and others that she has fully reached middle age? Countless advertisements show but too plainly how many have a horror of growing old, and snatch credulously at every device for hiding the unwelcome fact. Success in such arts means a walking deception, and where there is falsehood on the surface there is not much hope of truth beneath; failure means an absurd anomaly,—bright hair does not harmonise with a faded cheek, or rouge with a furrowed brow. Besides, lovely as is the bloom of youth, it is hardly missed when the beauty of expression beams forth in its stead.

In mourning over and magnifying what is past, there is always danger of neglecting, if not losing, the treasures which remain. Nor must we forget that

"The past will always win

A glory from its being far;

And orb into the perfect star

We saw not when we moved therein."

Yet in middle age often only the brighter aspects of youth are recalled. "My good days are done," we can imagine one musing in melancholy womanhood; "how different it was at twenty: sheltered by the tenderest love, free from care and anxiety, and happy in what I had and what I hoped to have. Then, weariness was little more than a languid, restless feeling, which gave assurance of having enjoyed myself to the utmost. Around me were intimate friends with whom I could exchange thoughts and feelings, unchecked by doubt or reserve; health of body made it a joy to live and breathe, while an elastic spirit sprang up freshly from every trouble; and then the enchantress Hope, how sweetly she whispered! But now, many sorrows have chastened body and mind. Reaction has come to be a thing of dread—most usurious payment for every excitement. The dear old home is broken up. Of early friends, some are dead, others are distant or occupied, so that

we rarely communicate, and fewer still remain unchanged. How one longs

'For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

I have been deceived and disappointed in others, and, bitterer still, have been deceived and disappointed in myself. I have to bear my burdens alone and hide my griefs, lest I tease some careless ear, or hinder some busy hand."

Such an outcry is not the less real because it may be morbid. It is, however, only a dangerous half-truth which such a heart has realised, for when we are forced to feel that in this world it is "each for himself," we ought not to forget "and God for all." Human helpers had to fail us before we were willing to seek for Divine aid. And if we have found many things worse, have we not also found many things better, than we expected? In our early romantic dreams we gave scant place to the daily patience, the unselfish love, the meek self-sacrifice we have lived to witness. The mature life which often brings a saddening knowledge of unsuspected evil, is as often cheered by unexpected good. When it is not, it must be our own fault, for what we look out for, *that* we shall be sure to find.

Again, in our teens there was something stirring in the lines:—

"Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

But experience has taught their fallacy. The difference between such heroic anticipations and the reality of suffering is as great as between the distant view of a cloud-capped mountain and its actual ascent—its slippery paths and rolling stones, sharp-edged for aching feet—its rare air for the panting breast; while the climber is cheated with many a vain hope, "*This is the crest,*" ere he scales the highest peak. Surely, none but a mad egotist can be "sublime" to himself. A higher frame of mind more fitting to middle age, is taught by Keble:—

"Then, fainting soul, arise and sing;
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there,
Till death the weary spirit free.
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of his smile."

The opportunities that belong to middle-age are surely also compensation for some earlier disappointments. There are few greater and few pleasanter privileges than the powerful influence the older may exert over the younger. Ten, or even twenty, years of difference does not weaken the sympathy between them; indeed, in a thoughtful mind rather deepens and enlarges it. An instance recurs to memory of a lady in the writer's own circle whose influence over young friends was good incalculable. More than one thought of her almost as a guardian angel, to whom they could go for wise and kind advice, and speak of things they could not confide to one another. Her cultivated intellect kindled their emulation, and her

ready yet delicate sympathy invited confidence. Probably deeper sorrows than they knew of were the source of this refined sympathy. How often the younger mind referred to her words and ways, and was unconsciously influenced by her as one whose high principle, transparent unselfishness, and religion, united to make a character of singular beauty. Another lady we recall who was revered chiefly as an intellectual guide, for her fine mind had the gift of drawing out the powers of those who looked up to her, and checking frivolity by the tastes which she evoked. Such characters are by no means rare in middle age. Few, if any, women are so lonely that they can exert no influence of this kind, and many find much blessing in its exercise. It needs thought and love, and both are well bestowed. It should excite sympathy to think of the "slippery paths" through which many of the younger sisters have to walk, and in which a helping hand may avert a fall, if not a stumble.

"But," says an objector, "girls are so often selfish and fickle; they only care for what you can do for them. You fill a temporary want, and will soon be forgotten." Such a complaint is not true of girls alone, and savours of self-seeking and impatience of little duties. He who gave the "cup of cold water" only filled a temporary want. Even when the affection is shallow, and soon absorbed in a stronger current, that is a small matter if you have been permitted to sow some seed to bear fruit "after many days."

If youth has more brightness and animal spirits, middle age ought to possess full compensation in the larger toleration, patience, and charity, which later life should bring. Those who regret the loss of youthful energy and physical strength should rather dwell upon what they have gained in mental power and endurance. They are more able than the young to make the best use of every gift and opportunity they possess, while each year adds to their experience. Time, however, only mellows the best things; while the finest wine is improved by age, the weak and poor turns sour by keeping.

Miss Thackeray says that another advantage middle-aged persons have is, that they are become used to their bodies—at home in them—and know what can be expected from them. Now the young have to find out all this, and suffer the inconveniences of new dwellers in a house, ignorant of the humours of roofs and grates, which winds *will* bring smoke, and what doors and windows have private fancies about opening and shutting, etc. All this friction and waste of time is avoided by old residents in both bodies and houses.

It is true that some women, even in mature life, are so dependent on others—so tied by circumstances—that while they would gladly work they seem condemned to an almost passive state. These are trying cases, but let such take the comfort of knowing that when God sees they cannot work actively for him he accepts the will. "They also serve who only stand and wait." Who waits well will work well when the opportunity comes; and come it will, for "a stone that is fit for the wall will never be left in the way."

Middle-aged persons have twice the motive for living for man's good and God's glory that the young can have, because they have had so many more mercies and blessings, and have so much longer taxed the infinite forbearance and long-

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suffering of the Most High. To them, as to the Jews, belongs the exhortation, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart."

To the Christian, middle-age should be as much happier than youth as is the traveller who has accomplished half his homeward journey than he who has

but just set out. Is it not rather heathenish to talk of "down the hill of life," on the "shady side" of thirty, forty, fifty years of age? Say, rather, up the hill to the heavenly city—it is the *sunny* side of the decades which is nearest the heaven of the Sun of Righteousness. It must be our own fault if middle-age is not, like the "Martinmas summer," a glorious season, abounding in fruit, warmth, and peaceful beauty, and beneficent to all around.

THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—DISBANDMENT OF THE "EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY"—END OF THE TAIPING REBELLION.



CHING GATE OF PEKING. (Occupied by the Allied Forces.)

IN consequence of the inactivity of the disciplined force, the Taipings again began to attack the Imperialists, and with better chances of success, for they were no longer aided by Gordon's generalship. A greater number of foreigners than before flocked to the standard of rebellion. It was at once seen that if this renewal of the rebellion was not checked at the beginning, all the fortified places wrested from them would be recaptured, and that a great loss of foreign blood and treasure in defending Shanghai and its environs would be involved.

The Chinese Government were in great dread of another attack, and did all they could to pacify the general, by issuing the following decree:—"Gordon, specially appointed a General in the army of Kiang-soo, was in command of the troops who assisted in these operations (the reduction of Soochow); his Majesty, in order to evince his approval of the profound skill and great zeal displayed by him, orders him to receive a military decoration of the first rank and a sum of ten thou-

sand taels" (about £3,330). The reward he refused, as it would have appeared like accepting blood-money for countenancing a barbarous act of warfare abhorrent to every British soldier. He accepted the decoration of high rank, however, as it put him on a par with the highest mandarins in the province. So General Gordon once more assumed command of the "Ever-Victorious Army," and I took the field under him.

At this time the country in the hands of the remaining rebels resembled somewhat the form of an hour-glass, having the provincial city of Hangchow at its eastern, and Nanking at its western extremity, with two fortified posts at the waist. The military genius of General Gordon enabled him to see at once that if he could capture these two posts, he would cut off the lines of communication between their bases of operation, and thereby weaken the concentrating force of the enemy. Then the Franco-Chinese disciplined corps could attack Hangchow, and the Imperialists Nanking, with better prospects

of extinguishing the rebellion than had ever before presented themselves.

Hitherto Gordon had no difficulty in obtaining commissariat supplies, as his base of operations was open to Shanghai, where unlimited stores could be obtained. In this part of the campaign he could not depend upon these resources, as he was marching his army into the heart of the rebel forces; consequently it was necessary for his men to carry sufficient provisions for their consumption in the field. Notwithstanding this extra incumbrance, and in spite of most inclement weather, his force captured the posts and carried all before them. The last of these was the strongly-fortified city of Lee-yang, where twenty thousand rebels surrendered themselves; and he took good care that none of them should be handed over to the tender mercies of Governor Lee. By this strategic success the enemy's forces were cut in two—the hour-glass was broken at the waist. Not only did it sever their communications, but it relieved fifteen thousand men of the Imperial army, under Tsen-kwo-fan (one of the greatest mandarins in China), who marched on to Nanking. Gordon followed up this success in the opposite direction, to co-operate with the Franco-Chinese, and was successful in every engagement, although the enemy fought with despairing energy and considerable military skill.

Such an instance occurred during the siege of Chang-chow. The disciplined force had arrived before the city, driving the rebels from the posts previously captured. They attacked twelve formidable stockades, and carried them with comparatively small loss. Next day the siege batteries were placed in position, and the artillery encamped in the trenches near their guns. In the night General Gordon rode with his staff to superintend the operations, and unfortunately, in the darkness, his own men mistook them for a reconnoitring party from the enemy, and fired on them. Most providentially the general escaped harmless, but one of his staff, Colonel Tapp, was killed on the spot, while several officers were seriously wounded, amongst others myself.

This untoward circumstance was followed up by a still heavier loss amongst his officers and men in an assault upon the city. On that occasion the storming party encountered such desperate resistance that it was compelled to retire, after a severe struggle, with the loss of twenty-seven officers and three hundred men killed and wounded. The marvel is that General Gordon came almost scathless out of these desperate engagements, for, excepting a slight flesh wound on one occasion, he was never disabled, although he exposed himself to the enemy's fire as much as any of his officers. In the opinion of his men he led a charmed life, which excited in them a superstitious reverence for his person. This idea was also entertained by the Taipings, which, coupled with the rapidity and success of his movements, overwhelmed them with a kind of awe on his approach at the head of his troops.

After the repulse of his forces at the assault on Chang-chow, General Gordon set to work in making engineering approaches, by raising breastworks within eighty feet of its walls. When these were finished an attack was made simultaneously at two breaches in the south wall. A severe struggle ensued, but the rebels were overpowered and the city captured. It was evident that the Taipings were fighting with the courage of despair. Next to

Nanking this city was their chief stronghold; its loss, therefore, was a severe blow to their failing strength.

Several other places were taken by both disciplined and undisciplined troops, until the ancient southern capital was the only important city under the rule of Taipingdom, which had been in possession of the Wangs for eleven years. The besieging force under Tsen-kwo-fan learned that the Tien Wang, seeing that his cause was lost, committed suicide by eating gold leaf. This caused them to push on their works, and an enormous mine, which had been run up to the north-east gate, was exploded, destroying about one hundred and twenty feet of wall, sixty feet high and forty feet thick, by a discharge of sixty-eight thousand pounds of Chinese gunpowder. Through the breach the Imperialists rushed, and when they reached the Tien Wang's palace, they found his wives hanging on the trees in the garden, where his own body lay unburied.

By this time General Gordon had returned to Quin-san with his "Ever-Victorious Army," and seeing that there were no fears to be entertained from Taiping incursions, he prepared to disband the force. This was done in the most cautious manner, by ordering the men to deliver up their arms and accoutrements, with the exception of some batteries of artillery. So the disciplined Anglo-Chinese force, which had been mainly instrumental in recovering the province of Kiang-soo from the rebels, was broken up, and the British officers connected with it returned to their respective regiments. This was in pursuance of an order in council after the account of the Soochow assassinations. Gordon shortly afterwards left for England, where his eminent services were acknowledged by her Majesty the Queen, in conferring upon him the honourable order of Companion of the Bath.

Thus was brought to a successful conclusion one of the most brilliant campaigns of modern warfare in the far East, in which British valour and generalship maintained its supremacy in the field. It may be contended that there was not much glory in overcoming these hordes of marauders; but, nevertheless, they exhibited as much skill and courage in defending their positions as the best native armies in India under their princes. Indeed, as far as mere fighting goes, they were superior to the Imperialist forces whom our troops encountered during the three wars in China; they fought for their existence, while their opponents fought for pay. Had this campaign been one of foreign warfare, doubtless it would have had its numerous chroniclers, and high encomiums passed upon its gallant commander, which have been few and far between. But for his skill and perseverance, in all probability the Taiping rebellion would be still raging, and paralysing the industry of the chief marts of China.

When glancing over the history of the rebellion I am almost at a loss to discover what it was that formed a bond of union between the heterogeneous elements that composed it. It cannot be believed that the followers of the rebel leaders were actuated by any pious zeal for the spread of that bastard Christianity which was at first professed. To the myriads of people who flocked to the insurgent standards, the overthrow of one dynasty and the establishment of another would be words without meaning. No personal love or admiration for the Tien Wang could have entered into their motives,

for he was illegitimate.

The rebellion lies, I believe, in China, degraded, obtain a late on the claims to support them from off the money sealed, as the arms, but punishment which the rebellion hand on that element, the powers, surrendering rightfulness.

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The answer to the question, Why the Taiping rebellion numbered so many millions of supporters? lies, I believe, in the fact that the common people of China, ground down by exactions, and kept in a degraded political condition, are at times liable to obtain a glimpse of their real position, and to speculate on the rights of man as a free agent and their claims to self-government. Once committed to the support of the rebellion, fear was sufficient to deter them from any attempt at escape. Should they cast off the new allegiance they had sworn their fate was sealed, and should they even throw themselves into the arms of the Imperialists, they had little to expect but punishment or death. Thus the only explanation which can be given of the long continuance of the rebellion was the fear of punishment on one hand or the other. It was only towards its close that clemency prevailed with the Chinese Government, through the representations of the foreign powers, and caused the great body of the rebels to surrender and to give in their allegiance to the rightful ruler of their country.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—MARRIAGE WITH THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

AFTER being wounded before Chang-chow I was brought down to Shanghai, and for a long time hovered betwixt life and death. It was during the hot season, and had I not received the closest attention I should not be talking with you now. Fever set in, and both Meng-kee and Loo A-Lee thought my hours were numbered as I tossed restlessly on my couch and raved in delirium. When I recovered consciousness she was sitting by my side, pale and thin, and her face marked with lines of anxiety and fatigue. Still she would not give up her nightly vigils by the sick-bed of her betrothed.

My recovery was slow whilst the humid heat prevailed, but when it was over, and the bracing wind of the north-west monsoon set in, I rapidly gained strength. By this time the campaign was at an end, and my fellow-officers, including my kind-hearted commander, came to say good-bye before their departure from China for home. I should have gone with them had I been differently situated, for my time as a non-commissioned officer in the Engineers had expired; but my affections were intertwined with those of the mandarin's daughter, her people became my people, and China the land of my adoption.

Whilst serving with the "Ever-Victorious Army" I had acquired far higher pay and rank than any I could expect in England, and I saw no reason to prevent my accepting permanent employment in the service of the Emperor of China, as many of my comrades had done. One old friend had received the lucrative appointment of superintendent of the Shanghai arsenal, where cannon, rifles, and ammunition were manufactured upon a large scale after European models, and to him I applied for a post, and shortly afterwards received that of an assistant superintendent.

Health and position attained once more, there seemed nothing to hinder marriage with my beloved Loo A-Lee except legal difficulties, for marriages between British and Chinese subjects have not been provided for by the laws of either country. I consulted the consul, who said that a native wife could not secure the privileges of an English one, and that any children from such a union would be debarred

from the hereditary rights of property. The missionaries, however, were of opinion that we could be married legitimately according to the ecclesiastical law, and this satisfied us, even though our privileges were curtailed. So we were quietly united, by a worthy missionary, according to the rights and ceremonies of my own church.

Meng-kee, my father-in-law, had some time before this entered our consul's service as interpreter and Chinese writer, and though he had done so under an assumed name, and was conscious that there was no probability of his being identified as the Mandarin of Peking, he frequently felt nervous and apprehensive of evil when brought into contact with his own countrymen. After the rebellion was fairly crushed, the Government displayed leniency towards those who gave in their allegiance, by pardoning them, and even by bestowing offices upon the most deserving. When Meng-kee learnt this he sent in a petition setting forth his services in the cause of order whilst accompanying the allied army, and praying for some post in the province where he dwelt. The result of this application was an appointment in the department to which I had been promoted, and shortly afterwards, when the arsenal was removed to Nanking, we all shifted our quarters to that city, and have remained there ever since. The head of the department showed himself so zealous in his duties that the Emperor conferred upon him the rank of a mandarin of the third order, and at the same time I received a title of the fourth grade. So Loo A-Lee has now a mandarin for a husband as well as a mandarin parent, and we expect that our son and heir will receive in course of time similar honours to those which have been bestowed upon his father and grandfather by his own merits; for titles are not hereditary in China among the mandarins.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF EUROPEAN ANTIQUITIES.

XIII.—UNITY AND CONTINUITY.

IF any definite impression has been left on the mind of the reader of the preceding papers, it must have been akin to that which impressed itself upon the wisest of the Hebrews when he exclaimed, "The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is nothing new under the sun." This is in some respects an unsatisfactory result, falling far short in its sensational effect of the discovery of a new and extinct species of man, or even of a very essential difference in manners and habits of thought between the men of hoar antiquity and those of to-day. Yet this conclusion, tame and prosaic though it may appear, opens most important questions both as to the past and future of our race, some of which we may profitably discuss.

What is the ultimate meaning of that marvellous resemblance which obtains between prehistoric and modern men? Does it point to a common origin and historical affiliation of all races? Is it the result of some process of necessary evolution through which all races must pass, as the individual man passes through successive stages from infancy to maturity? Is it a consequence of a fixed instinct like that of the bee and beaver? Is it merely the effect of the action of similar powers and wants on similar

resources; or, to put it in the other way, of similar surroundings on tendencies and powers in the main similar?

Views of one or other of these kinds are floating before the minds of writers on the subject, either singly or in combination of two or more of them. Nor are they inconsistent with one another. Primitive instincts and tendencies implanted in man at the first may have tended to develop themselves along certain lines among all peoples, and the influence of surrounding circumstances and means may have been in the main similar, though with subordinate differences of detail. These have been the material or terrestrial causes of the unity with diversity which characterises our species, and to these we have only to add such spiritual influences from without as may have acted directly on man's soul either for good or evil, and such new thoughts and purposes as may have been struck out from the interaction of human minds, or by the appearance of men of rare and exceptional powers.

Looking thus upon the current of human affairs, two great truths are apparent. First, unity of result from the influence of all these complicated causes upon human nature implies to the naturalist unity of origin and genetic affiliation, just as surely as if the perfect genealogical tree of the human race from its origin were in our hands. Second, the earliest arts, inventions, and beliefs of the race are those which must determine its course in all time. In ever-widening circles, they may decay in power, or may be crossed and affected by other ripples on the surface, but they must proceed to its circumference in time and space. With unity of origin and continuity of descent, it is certain that modern men must be the product of the original nature of man, with the effects of all the causes acting on it from the first, and that the earliest of these influences must be the most potent and the most widespread.

Any true science of man must therefore go back to his origin, and trace out his primitive conditions and their results, and our best means for doing this are the remains of primitive men, and those less modified races which still exist. It may depend on our previous tendencies and the methods we pursue, whether we find ourselves with many modern inquirers brought back to the presence of a Simian ancestor of our race destitute of nearly all that now characterises it, or to a perfect primeval man endowed by his Maker with all those qualities which essentially distinguish humanity. I propose in this concluding paper to show by American facts that the latter is the true conclusion of archæology, as it is of sacred history, and in doing this I shall refer to some additional points not previously mentioned, so as to give greater interest to the discussion, and to notice shortly some important facts relating to primitive man which space has not permitted us to consider in detail.

It is a common popular statement that the languages of the American continent are innumerable and mutually unintelligible. In a very superficial sense this is true, but more profound investigation shows that the languages of America are essentially one. Their grammatical structure, while very complex, is on the same general principles throughout. But grammar is after all only the clothing of language. Its essence consists in its root words, which bear a definite relation to the mental habits and vocal organs of the speaker, and very often equally

definite relations to the things spoken of. Now multitudes of root words are identical in the American languages over vast areas, some of them with precisely the same senses, and others with various shades of analogical meaning. If we leave out of the account purely imitative words, as those derived from the voices of animals and from natural sounds, which necessarily resemble each other everywhere, it will be found that the most persistent words are those like "God," "house," "man," which express objects or ideas of constant recurrence in the speech of everyday life, and it is obviously these which become most perfectly stereotyped in the usage of rude peoples. Further, a very slight acquaintance with these languages is sufficient to show that they are connected with the older languages of the Eastern continent by a great variety of the more permanent root words, and with some even in grammatical structure. So persistent is this connection in time, that pages might be filled with modern English, French, or German words which are allied to those of the Algonquin tribes, as well as to the oldest tongues of Europe and the East. The time is probably approaching when it will be admitted that all languages are radically the same, and that they all have their roots in those archaic forms of speech to which we apply the term Turanian. Whence this unity of speech? Can it have sprung from the independent growth of thought and language in many centres, or from the slow development of speech through countless generations of semi-brutal and semi-articulate men? Does it not rather point to the formation of language at no very distant date chronologically, and among rational and thoughtful beings, and also to a time when the earth was of "one tongue and of one speech"?

We have had frequent occasion to mention the identity of implements and weapons in the Old World and the New in prehistoric and modern times. This may arise from the fact that in all countries the same substances are in the main offered as the raw material of human industry. Stone, clay, wood, bone, and native metals, have similar properties everywhere. The sharp edges of flint chips, the toughness of greenstone, the ductility of native gold and native copper, commend themselves alike to the aboriginal artisan in all countries. Rising a step beyond this, the different specific gravities of different substances, the leverage gained by handles, the use of elasticity in urging projectiles, and other properties of bodies, might readily attract the attention of men everywhere. Still farther, the use and preparation of pigments and dyes, of various kinds of medicinal herbs, of narcotics and stimulants, of pyrite and flint and drills as means of securing fires, are less obvious, but still not difficult to be reached. The natural cave or leafy bower may suggest a house or hut, and the means of constructing it. The rudest savage may cross a river on a floating log. Thought and invention lead him to hollow the log into a canoe, or to construct a lighter and more portable vessel of bark or hide, and in doing this he has already mastered all the elements of the ship. Clay may be moulded by a child into any form it pleases; accident, observed and reasoned on, may teach that it can be baked, and the art of the potter arises. That such things have been done among all races and in all times bespeaks not merely similar resources, but the action on these of the same human thought; and also that this must have been active at a time so

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early that similar arts have branched into all races of men, yet so modern that the time is historically recent when many aboriginal arts were universally practised in their most primitive forms.

The tally as a means of recording numbers is found on prehistoric human sites in Europe. It is universal among rude tribes, and occurs, to some extent, among civilised nations. Man must have begun his existence as an enumerator, and counting is a difficult matter, especially where large numbers are concerned. Further, so soon as we begin to add and subtract, we have launched ourselves in the boundless sea of mathematics. So the tally, with its outgrowth of the quipa, the wampum string, and the abacus or reckoning frame, came into use to economise thought and memory, and to preserve records of numbers. But thought and memory must have already existed before even the rudest tally could be of use. Catlin records, in his notes on the American Indians, a curious illustration of the failure of this primitive method, in the case of two Indians from the western prairies, who, being about to travel in the United States, undertook to reckon up the lodges of the white man as they would have done those of the encampment of a neighbouring tribe. They provided themselves with long wands, and as they dropped down the Missouri, made a notch for every house. The rods were soon filled, and then they provided others; but still the numbers grew, and at length, when the steamer reached the city of St. Louis, they threw their tallies into the river, and gave up the hopeless attempt. The tally and its analogues mark man as a reckoning animal with mathematical possibilities, and while they take us very near to the beginning of all things in this direction, they introduce us to a being so like ourselves, that when we are required to reckon up any large number, we are fain to have recourse to his primitive expedient. Prehistoric and antediluvian genealogies must have been kept on tallies akin in principle to the knotted cords of the Peruvians, and it is not impossible that some of these may yet be recovered for comparison with the numbers in Genesis which have excited so much scepticism and controversy. We are told that the Peruvians thus kept the reckoning of the events of their lives, and their personal quipas were buried with them; and this even in the case of young children, the events of whose lives might be represented by a very few knots. Careful search should be made in all repositories of the remains of prehistoric men for records of this kind; and judging from American analogies, it may be found that some of the unintelligible marks on old stone monuments are intended to denote dates and numbers.

One of the most remarkable of the links which bind together all nations of men as of one blood is the method in which they reckon consanguinity and descent. The truth is that some of the rudest peoples have more systematic methods of this kind than those known to ourselves, and that these primitive products of human thought and experience have been handed down through the channels of descent from the most remote times. Morgan,* in his elaborate work on the "Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family," has shown that two distinct systems now exist—the Descriptive, in which a few terms expressing primary relationships are combined so as to express the more divergent

and distant connections till they disappear in nameless divergences; and the Classificatory, in which the divergent relationships are brought back to the main line by classifying them with the relationships most resembling them, as when my brothers' sons are called my sons instead of being, as in the other mode, my nephews.

Between these two methods men have from a very early age been divided. The Indo-European or Aryan nations, the Semitic nations, and that portion of the Turanian stock known as the Uralian, use the descriptive mode; the whole of the peoples of Eastern Asia, Polynesia, and America, use the classificatory mode, and as this is the mode of the most stationary and unprogressive peoples, it is probable that it is the primitive method from which the more advanced nations diverged into the descriptive system. In illustration of this, I may state that while the reckoning of consanguinity among the Greeks, Romans, and Celts is the same with our own, that of the Tamil races of India, the Chinese, and the Mongolians of North Asia is identical with that of the American races.

Nothing can more distinctly mark a unity of origin and descent than such facts as these; but their significance is far more profound than at first appears. Morgan holds, as do also Lubbock and McLennan in treating of this subject, that the classificatory mode points back to a time when there was no institution of marriage or family relationship. In this, however, they go beyond the limits of fair deduction. The reckoning of consanguinity in any form presupposes the family relation, without which man would be in this matter on a level with the lower animals, and it can give no information as to any previous state in which no family relation existed. Further, the helpless condition and slow growth of the human infant physiologically imply that man is eminently a pairing animal; and thus even animal analogies preclude the supposition that there ever was a time when marriage did not exist. Where promiscuous intercourse, polygamy, or polyandry occur, we have evidence of vicious social inventions unsuited to the healthy continuance of the race.

It is clear, however, that the classificatory system points back to a time when there were no prohibited degrees of relationship, and this accords with its high antiquity; for the origin of men from a single pair implies in the earlier generations of mankind the intermarriage of the nearest relatives. The Book of Genesis, it is true, passes this over in silence, but we can detect evidence in the marriages of Abraham and the patriarchs that even in their days the union of near blood relations was considered proper, and even the Mosaic prohibitions were only written for the great brotherhood of Israel into which all Israelites were supposed to marry. It is further undoubtedly implied in the Old Testament history that the classificatory system of consanguinity was that of antediluvial times, and perhaps continued in full force till the divergence which is indicated in the story of the dispersion from Babel.

As a special illustration of the primitive laws of consanguinity in force among the Americans, let us take those of the Iroquois as detailed by Morgan, and this will introduce us to a new and curious parallelism with the Old Testament. Among these people each nation was divided into eight tribes, designated respectively by the totems of the Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Heron, and

* Smithsonian Contributions, vol. xvii.

Hawk. No member of any of these tribes could marry within his or her tribe. The husband or wife must in every case be from a tribe of different name. Further, the tribal descent was in the female line, the husband joining the tribe of his wife, and the children being reckoned as of her tribe. All the women of a tribe or family were thus nearly related, while the men might be derived from different tribes. It was consequently easy for large numbers of families to live together in "long houses" or in communistic edifices, and to have all things in common, for the women, on whom the domestic arrangements devolved, were all relations, and had been brought up together from infancy. The union of the women in this way also gave them great power and influence. These arrangements were widely spread, probably almost universal in primitive America, and constitute the key to the social institutions of the people as well as to their reckoning of consanguinity. It will be found in detail in Morgan's book already referred to, and Lahontan enters into a curious defence of it in an imaginary dialogue with a Huron chief who contrasts most unfavourably the selfishness and avarice which arose from the European arrangements as compared with those of his people. Had the Huron chief been instructed in the Old Testament he might have strengthened his argument by a reference to the saying there attributed to the first man: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife," which implies that the husband goes with the wife rather than the wife with the husband. If I am not mistaken, this also appears in the negotiation of Eleazar for a wife for Isaac, and in the claim of Laban that Jacob should remain in his tribe as having married his daughters. It is probable that this primitive relation of the sexes was before our Lord's mind when he quoted this passage in opposition to the Jewish practice of divorce, with the comment, "From the beginning it was not so." This is not the only instance in which we have seen archaic customs recorded in the Book of Genesis cropping up in our investigations of prehistoric men, and vindicating the statement that from the beginning man was the same thinking and organised being that he still is. Perhaps some social reformers of our own day might be more successful if, instead of looking back to dreary ages of barbarism, out of which we are supposed to have emerged, they could refer to a "beginning" in which, if simpler, men were wiser than they are now. If they will not go back as far as Adam and paradise, it might even be profitable to study the classificatory relationships of the old Turanians and the tribal communism of the American Indians as the only possible kinds of community of goods in the present imperfect condition of human nature, and as having been successful even in the great communistic tribes of the Pueblo Indians and ancient Toltecs and Mexicans, to which I referred in a previous article.

Since writing the last paragraph I have seen the recently published "Etruscan Researches" of Isaac Taylor, who has arrived by other routes at many of the conclusions sketched in these papers. He regards with much reason the ancient Etruscans as a Turanian people, either aborigines of Italy or migrants into it in prehistoric times, or partly of both origins. He shows that among them descent was in the female line, as among the Americans and Old World Turanians, and that it is probable that "Exogamy,"

or the marriage of women with husbands of other tribes, prevailed among them. Following other writers above referred to, however, he falls into the error of tracing these customs to a supposed primitive period of promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. He further shows that the Etruscans, as tomb-builders, as believers in the immortality of the soul, and in manitous, or spirits, and in having medicine-men, or shamans, rather than priests, were essentially Turanian and American. All that he says of the tombs of the Etruscans is perfectly applicable to those of the Peruvians and of the Alleghans, and the relations which he traces between the funeral rites and sepulchres of these more civilised nations and the ruder Ugrian tribes of Europe and Asia are precisely parallel to the similar relations of the more cultivated and ruder nations in America. The words in which he sums up his conclusions on these points deserve quotation here, as most significant with reference to our present purpose. "The vast and numerous monuments which constitute the tombs of this (the Turanian) race can always be recognised; they exhibit a most remarkable and most significant unity of design and purpose. These tombs are all developments of one hereditary type; they are all the expressions of one hereditary belief, and they all serve the purposes of one great hereditary cultus. The type on which they are modelled is the house. The belief which they express is the fundamental truth which has been the great contribution of the Turanian race to the religious thought of the world—the belief in the deathlessness of souls. The cultus which they serve is the worship of the spirits of ancestors, which is the Turanian religion. The creed of the Turanians was Animism. They believed that everything animate or inanimate had its soul or spirit; that the spirits of the dead could still make use of the spirits of the weapons, ornaments, and utensils they had used in life, and could be served by the spirits of their slaves, their horses, and their dogs, and needed for their support the spirits of those articles of food on which they had been used to feed." Hence he goes on to say we find in their tombs the warrior with his weapons, the woman with her domestic utensils, the child with the faithful dog to guide it to the better land, and the tomb in all respects the counterpart of the house, only more durable and costly.

We have passed from the tribal communism and the descent in the female line to the doctrine of immortality, but not unintentionally. Just as we find these things united in that old primitive race, whose fragments exist everywhere over the world, so do we find them in our oldest written history. The God-given woman, the man leaving father and mother and cleaving to his wife, the lost immortality by the woman's means, and its destined recovery by her seed, are no less familiar doctrines to every Sunday-school child among us than they are ingredients in the creeds of all primitive peoples from the days of the prehistoric cave-dwellers until now. Are they not landmarks of some importance in connection with all inquiries as to the origin and unity of our species?

Prehistoric and other ancient men, both in the Old and New World, must have had poetical tendencies, leading them to attribute their own views and feelings to natural objects. We read this even in their carved implements and ornaments, and the same mythical and poetical representation of nature which

we see among the old Indians, mentioned among the civilised nations, and which less related to over-enjoy the hunting of birds, the de- Finally, much are the energetic the call only for creamy rudiments only the poetry India As a School awake shrill oppress has li spring and p relate as cha early

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we see in the most ancient poetry is still extant among the ruder races. Multitudes of poetical tales and legends have been written down from the lips of old Indian men and women. As a specimen, I may mention an unpublished myth collected by Mr. Rand among the Micmacs. It is a story of the adventures of the "Rushing Wind and Rolling Wave," personified as young men who set out on their travels, and who pass through many adventures, all more or less related to their proper characters. They combine to overthrow the cabins of a village that they may enjoy the confusion of the inmates. They go on a hunting expedition, and drive before them multitudes of birds and fish, and they throw down trees to kill the deer and other wild animals of the forest. Finally, after roving around the world and working much mischief and some good on land and sea, they are married to two lovely girls, named respectively the Calm and the Sea-foam, and by these their rude energies are subdued, so that always the storm and the calm alternate with each other, and waves rage only for a time, and then subside in stillness and creamy foam. Such plays of fancy are obviously the rudiments of true poetic myths, and would require only the knowledge of letters to be developed into poetry like that which comes down to us from ancient India and Greece.

As a specimen of a lighter style, I may give from Schoolcraft the Song of the Frog in Spring, when it awakes from its winter torpor and complains in its shrill and monotonous evening songs of the long oppression of the frost and snow. Every one who has listened to the batrachian chorus which in a spring evening in America issues from every swamp and pond can appreciate the natural fact to which it relates. The verbal parallelism in this little piece is as characteristic of American song as of that of the early East.

SONG OF THE OKOGIS.

See how the white spirit presses us,
Presses us,—presses us, heavy and long,
Presses us down to the frost-bitten earth.
Alas! ye are heavy, ye spirits so white;
Alas! you are cold—you are cold—you are cold.
Ah! cease shining, spirits that fall from the skies,
Ah! cease so to crush us and keep us in dread;
Ah! when will you vanish and spring-time return?

The names of the constellations come down to us from the most remote antiquity, modified by Greek myths but not of Greek origin, and they testify both to that tendency to transfer our own thoughts to the universe around us to which I have already referred, and to the application of the totemic system of emblems to the heavenly bodies. It is, therefore, not wonderful that the Americans should, like the men of the East in the days of Job, have names and symbols for those most important in their relations to man, but it is a more striking and significant fact that these apparently arbitrary names should be the same with those of the Old World. It is still more curious that they should in some cases serve to supplement and illustrate the application of these names. The Great Bear, from its prominence in the northern sky and its connection with the pole-star—"the star that does not move"—of the Americans, is as likely as any other to have had its name handed down from age to age. Accordingly, it is named the Bear among the Algonquin tribes. The Greek fable explains the name by the story of Callisto, one of the

attendants of Artemis, who is the equivalent of Atahensie, the first mother. Through the jealousy of Juno, Callisto is changed into a she-bear, and Zeus, fearful that the hunters would destroy her, transferred her to the heavens as the magnificent constellation still named the Great Bear. Whatever the origin of the story, it has a very archaic aspect. The Greek Bear, however, comes down to us without the hunters, and consequently, in our maps of the stars, it is furnished with a preternaturally long tail, which has apparently led to other names being given to it. The Micmacs, however, who call the bear "Mouin," name the stars of the tail the three hunters, and these have as their totemic names, *Pules* (the pigeon), *Chigogeeck* (the titmouse), and *Chip-chawitch* (the robin); all of which, by the way, are onomatopœiatic, and recall similar names in more familiar tongues. A small star near one of the hunters is the Kettle which he carries, and Berenice's Hair is the Bear's Den. We can scarcely doubt that this myth and its astronomical application belong to a time when the root-stocks of the Hellenic or Pelagic populations were still one with those of the Algonquins, that the importance of the Great Bear as a mark in the sky has caused its name to be perpetuated, and that among the Americans the tradition survives in a more complete and less corrupt form than among ourselves.

It seems a general fact that primitive men have traditions of giants and dwarfs of the olden time. Our own ancestors believed in Iotuns, huge and terrible, and in elves and fairies; and we still have in our sacred writings the nephilim of antediluvian times, and in our literature the Titans of classical mythology. So the old Micmacs of Nova Scotia and their relatives of the Algonquin race had Kukwes, or gigantes—men in form but immense in stature, gifted with magical power, cannibals, and associated in their minds with the power of the frost and ice—veritable Iotuns or Titans, and with stories connected with them in every way comparable with those in our own folk-lore. They had also little people, or fairies, with the same attributes with those of our nursery tales, and Kitpoos, or Gepuchican, was their Puck, or Gobelin, of whom the most strange and romantic stories are told. He is a giant-killer, and represents the victory of intellect and cunning over brute force without intelligence as embodied in the giants. I have before me many genuine Indian tales relating to these beings, but it would be tedious to reproduce them here. The main questions are as to the origin of such stories and the reason of their general diffusion. The only satisfactory explanation is that they are based in some way on historical facts. Nilsson has conclusively shown that the giants and skrelings of the northern sagas represent respectively the Scandinavian and Finnish races, as contesting in early times the possession of Scandinavia, though the names may refer to still older facts than these. It is no longer possible to smile at the antediluvian giants of Genesis, since we now know from actual remains that the earliest race disinterred from caves in the Old World was of gigantic physical power, and that this was succeeded by a feeble race, who must, locally at least, have been contemporary with the other. Here we have undoubtedly the primitive historical truth that includes all these traditions, which, though coloured by the fancies of different races of men, are essentially the same all over the world.

Varieties.

BOOKBINDERS.—We have received a communication from "the London Consolidated Society of Journeymen Bookbinders," stating that the paragraph quoted (p. 624) from Mr. Ruskin "may act injuriously on the trade." The secretary wishes us to say that for the greater part of the year, except a few weeks in autumn, there is no lack of labour, and that increase of number of bookbinders, by additional apprentices, would "glut the market." Our correspondents have strangely missed the mark in reading the sentence from Mr. Ruskin's book. There is no wish to interfere with the ordinary rank and file of the trade. What was pointed out as a worthy object of ambition, was the higher and artistic branches. "More hands with heads are wanted in the bookbinding trade," men who can take an order and execute it well, and stamp their names to it. Such workmen are sorely needed in many mechanical arts, and the object of the paragraph was to recommend people to look to other tools than pens for their living. We have too many "poor clerks" and too few "good mechanics."

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE PROSPECTS OF POPEERY IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Gladstone, in his paper of special pleading in behalf of Ritualism, speaks plainly about the attempt to "Romanise the Church and people of England," as "utterly hopeless and visionary." "At no time," says Mr. Gladstone, "since the bloody reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But if it had been possible in the 17th or 18th centuries, it would still have become impossible in the 19th; when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history, I cannot persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief."

FORMOSA.—Formosa, the scene of recent difficulties between the Chinese and Japanese Governments, is an island of 15,000 square miles in the China Sea, between 22° and 25° 30' N., and lon. 120° 30' and 122° E. It is about 245 miles long, and 100 wide at its broadest part. The whole coast of the island facing the mainland, and a considerable distance inland, belongs to China, and forms part of the province of Fokien, from which it is distant about ninety miles. The remainder of the island is occupied by aborigines. A ridge of snow-covered volcanic mountains called Mnh Ran Shan, the highest summits of which are supposed to be 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, intersect the island from north to south. The declivities are clothed with luxuriant trees and pasture grounds, which give the island a very beautiful appearance, from whence is derived its Portuguese name signifying "beautiful." On the west side of the island a number of mountain streams run down to the sea, and the soil on the mountain slopes is extremely fertile and well-cultivated. The trade in rice, which is of superior quality, between Formosa and the mainland, employs about 300 vessels. Wheat, millet, maize, sugarcane, oranges, pineapples, guavas, cocoa-nuts, arca-nuts, peaches, apricots, figs, grapes, pomegranates, chestnuts, melons, and vegetables of various kinds, are also grown in large quantities. In addition to rice, camphor, salt, sulphur, maize, fruits, timber, and other produce, are exported from the island. The commerce of Formosa is confined chiefly to Fokien, and a few other eastern provinces of China, from which it imports green tea, raw silk, and woollen and cotton stuffs. The domestic animals of the island are buffaloes, horses, asses, goats, sheep, hogs, and cattle, and the eastern part is said to be infested with tigers, leopards, and wolves. In 1848 a large area of coal of excellent quality was discovered near the village of Killon, in the north-eastern part of the island. The aborigines, who are slenderly shaped, and of olive complexion, wear long hair and blacken their teeth. They are divided into different tribes, have no written language, and are said to be honest in their dealings, but revengeful when provoked. The Chinese portion of the island is divided into four districts, and the capital is named Tai-wan-foo. The Chinese did not know of the existence of Formosa until the year 1403, and their authority over it was not established until 1683, since which time it has progressed satisfactorily under their

rule. Large quantities of land have been purchased by speculators, who encourage emigration from the mainland, and offer considerable inducements to settlers. The wealthy colonists are dissatisfied with the Chinese Government, to which they are a fruitful source of uneasiness from the frequency of their revolts. Literature flourishes on the island, and many of the residents of Fokien send their sons thither to be educated. Formosa has few available harbours, and the southern channel is remarkable for its violent northerly winds and heavy seas. The Dutch became masters of the island in 1632, but were expelled by the famous pirate Coxinga, whose followers ruled until the Chinese obtained possession. The climate of Formosa is salubrious, and its population is estimated at 2,500,000.—*New York Observer.*

THAMES FISHERIES.—Mr. W. H. Brougham, secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, gives some statistics showing the value of the Thames as a fishery. At Richmond the united takes of 33 punts in one week of September realised 456lb. weight of roach and dace. At Twickenham, in the same period, 21 punts brought on shore 426lb. of roach and dace. Thus in less than two miles of the tidal water 54 takes by fishermen whom he names represent 880lb. weight of roach and dace, with an average of a little over 18lb to each punt, and these takes do not represent the whole made in one week. Then, again, at Sunbury, at Halliford, and at Chertsey there were large takes of barbel, bream, roach, and jack. There is, perhaps, no other river in England that produces a larger quantity of fish, or more sport for the anglers, than the Thames. It is a free river and frequented by thousands of the working class during the summer and autumn months, and the operations of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, which extend to the "City Stone" at Staines, the keepers being supplied with warrants from the Thames Conservators, are not adequately supported.

ST. HELENA.—The Bishop of St. Helena, who was lately in this country, in a sermon at Llandaff Cathedral made special reference to the remarkable history of the island of St. Helena, and its present lamentable condition. He observed that when the island was discovered early in the sixteenth century, there were no human beings upon it. There was a virgin soil, covered by the richest vegetation, with bountiful streams of water, and everything which could fit it for the habitation of men, but none could then be found there. In progress of time, however, human beings gathered in the island from all points, and brought with them, he feared, much of the viciousness of every particular race, and the superstition of those who knew not God. Arduous and wearisome in the extreme must have been the work of the clergy who first laboured there; and no small part of it consisted in constraining the English portion of the community from falling into the carelessness of life which too often followed the removal of the ordinary restraints of society. From what, however, he had been able to learn, this work of former days was steadily and efficiently carried on. Well, the people multiplied, and the island became a rich one. It was a most important point for ships returning from the East, and its wealth increased with the enlargement of English commerce. When he (the bishop) was appointed diocesan of the island thirteen years since, no fewer than a thousand ships of large tonnage touched there every year. Now, however, all had changed. A few years since the Suez Canal was opened, and all the vessels of larger tonnage were drawn away. The island, too, was visited by a small insect, known as the white ant, which demolished everything except iron, stone, and a very expensive description of wood; and all houses and churches—at least, those in the neighbourhood of the coast—were destroyed. Poverty had thus suddenly overtaken the inhabitants; and the clergy were now reduced to the very smallest possible number.

ANCIENT BIBLES.—In the catalogue just published of the rich manuscript library of the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassini, near Naples, occur three manuscripts of the Bible, one dating about A.D. 700, another A.D. 800, and one A.D. 850, with several others. In Dr. Maitland's volume on "the dark ages," there is much said about numerous copies of the Scriptures scattered here and there throughout Europe, although little known or valued.